The Dream Journal
of
S.K. Deitch

Volume IV

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Volume 4

1/1/2022
To
12/31/2022

Preface

2022 was a strong competitor for worst year of my life. Serious health challenges and financial challenges, the loss of my brother, having to beg for help from my friends. On the upside, I really learned who my friends are and how willing they are to help, which did a lot for my faith in humanity.

I was also very dream deprived for much of the year which is why this is such a small volume compared with those that have come before. The character of my dreams this year is different as well. Fewer that are sexy or adventurous and more that are just kind of depressing

Not much else to say really.

S K Deitch 12/31/2022

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1/3/2022

I'm a student in a very competitive class. My professor is a fit young woman who I have an eye for. She wants to give us a one day project that we must see through to completion in an afternoon. We each must build something that is a concrete representation of a philosophical point. She handed out pieces of paper to everyone which would be their individual assignments. Mine said "The fundamental nature of knowledge".

I immediately set to work and visited various places on campus. I gathered a bar of soap, a potato, a cigar box with a racially insensitive picture of a crazy looking black man with a top hat and a bone through his nose smoking a huge cigar labeled "Dr, Hoo-Doo Cheroots", a couple of marbles, a girlie magazine from the '50s and a ball of twine.

When I got back to the classroom, most of the other students were still there milling around and scratching their heads. "They must have gotten more difficult problems than me", I thought.

I went off to my room to get started on my project. I cut the potato into the shape of an axe head and tore up the magazine into coarse shreds and made a little nest out of them in the inside of the box. You could still see bits of boobs, butts and garter belts on the torn up glossy paper and I settled the potato axe head into the paper shreds. I closed the box and tied it shut with the twine.

I went back to the class room to get a few sheets of paper. Most of the students were *still* there and some of them were eyeing me suspiciously. My professor was just watching the fun of their frustration. I realized that if I could finish this she would really notice me!

I few of the students were now missing and I feared the worst, that sabotage was afoot! I ran back to my room and passed a couple of them on the way. I got into my room and slammed the door. Using the soap, I drew a triangle on the floor and placed the closed box at one corner.
Outside the other students were knocking on the door and asking what I was doing in there.

My alarm went off.

1/7/2022

I am walking along the street in Watertown Square and I hear a woman call for help. i go to her and I see that she is one of the librarians, a woman named Marissa (I know her in waking life because she has sometimes helped out at the maker space).

Her cat has fallen from a high window and has broken into several pieces and Marissa is trying to gather them up to reassemble her. The pieces of cat are not being overly cooperative and some are trying to get away, for instance her grey tabby striped tail is trying to slither down a storm drain like a snake. She warns me about being careful picking up some of the pieces because she thinks they have bird guano on them.

We finally get the cat back together right and Marissa is petting her and talking baby talk at her. The cat is talking back to her saying things like "Don't make such a fuss!" and "It's no big deal."

I wake

1/9/2022

Dozed off at my desk. I was out for about a half hour.

I am at my job. It is kind of a mixed environment like a big retail space but there are doors off of it that open into things like offices and meeting rooms.

I arrive for work. I am acutely aware that I have not eaten this day and I hope to find a snack soon. I come to the time clock to punch in, but I don't see my time card, but then I find it in its slot, but cut into pieces. I am puzzled, but I punch my time on a piece of it to be able to prove I was on time and then I put the pieces in my pocket and go looking for my manager to find out what is up.

Out on the work floor I don't recognize anyone. I stick my head into meeting rooms and find them full of children as if it was a school or something.

I show the shreds of my timecard to various people, but they know nothing about

it, nor do they recognize the name of my manager.

I wake.

1/10/2022

I met an attractive woman in a book store and started a conversation with her. Ultimately we decided to go out for a drink together. She invited me to her apartment for just one more before we called it a night.

We got to her place and as she was pouring drinks i decided to kiss her and it was quite nice! We took our drinks to the living room couch and kissed some more. I excuse myself to go to the bathroom and when I come back she is on the couch and displaying her nethers. It is loathsome and horrifying. Her vulva is like the picture of Dorian Gray, a manifestation of every degenerate and decaying thing in the world!

I wake with a shiver!

1/18/2022

I walk along a beach in winter. It is cold and windy. The sky is gray and cloudy. Where the high tide had reached but now receded, great blocks of ice have been thrown upon the sand. Frozen in the ice are the bodies of fish and other sea life. There are also occasional bodies of men and women.

I am waking.

Dream Journal 1/19/2022

My friend Bill has convinced me that if I make some amazing toys with marbles in them that I can sell them and make a million dollars. I figure I can come up with an amazing marble toy. How difficult could it be?

Bill says he knows a connected guy who would pay big bucks for the idea if I can make a demo model and a few more for a play testing focus group. The only description I get from Bill is "marble toy".

I set to work and come up with this executive toy type gizmo that runs steel balls around a little track and poots them up in the air, catches them in a little funnel and runs them around the track again. It's made of brass and polished wood and looks real classy. Bill says it's all wrong. "It has to be *glass* marbles! And it's not an adult toy, its for kids! Make it out of brightly colored plastic and make it look like fun!"

So I make pretty much the same thing with glass marbles and colored plastic and I also have it make some goofy noises when it runs. Bill loves it. I make six of them and we take 'em to his guy.

The guy looks it over carefully, has all six of them running and making goofy sounds on his desk. He seems to find them entertaining and funny. He picks one up and starts trying to eat it, but realizes he can't. "It's not made of candy! It's supposed to be made of candy!"

I turn to Bill and we get into an angry argument.

I wake.

1/26/2022

I am walking around town and I am seeing these weird stickers everywhere. I know they are related to some kids fad. The thing about these sticker though is that they are actual two dimensional living things. They have odd, goofy faces and they keep sticking out multi pronged tongues to gather up microorganisms from the air.

The damn things creep me out!

1/30/2022

I was at a second hand store That was mostly run by college age women. Lots of blue hair and tattoos. Various of them were trying to give me a hard sell on a number of items. "50s era crockery, a '70s era cassette deck with a zillion knobs, a 1964 World's fair ashtray, a black velvet painting of a large breasted nude woman in cowboy boots, A hollowed out book designed to hide a flask of booze and a number of other items. I end up buying a few Bob Wills 78s.

I am walking home through a shady suburban street. A big fluffy long-haired cat is lying stretched out on the sidewalk. I want to scritch its belly but I don't want to

be clawed to death so I just get its attention by saying hello to it . The cat stands up to look at me and that is when I notice that it has a large, flamboyant feather growing from its nose! this odd kitty sits there looking at me and purring, but won't let me touch it.

I wake

2/4/2022

I am young, maybe 25 give or take. I am in a hotel room that I had for some sort of convention, but the convention has been over for a couple of days, but I'm still there. I had been sharing it with three other guys, but they are gone too. This couple moves in while I am still there and insist it is their room and won't believe it is not. The wife comes up with the peculiar idea that If I let them stay, they will let me stay. I finally leave because I need to get to New York. I sit next to a guy on the bus whose entire life is going around the country playing different pianos.

I am somewhere else, at a big family style restaurant with my wife who I call Michelle Obama even though she is white and British and definitely not Michelle Obama. I am middle aged now. I ask her to find a table. For some reason I want to keep an eye on the kitchen. I watch a cook make a simply wonderful looking omelette and a waitress tells him that the customer no longer wants it. The cook is about to scrape it into the bin, but I shout at him not to, that I want it and I want to share it with my wife. He gives it to me and I find a couple of forks and a second plate. I ask for a bottle of hot sauce and he brings a big gallon sized steel can full, so I ask for a shot glass and decant a small amount into that.

With the omelette and the hot sauce I go looking for my wife , but the place is huge with many alcoves and sub rooms. I'm sticking my head into each one and call "Michelle!" But I don't find her. I wander back toward the kitchen and I find her there because she came back looking for me. She is in tears because she thinks I have abandoned her, but I tell her I am here now and I give her half an omelette. She starts blubbering again because the omelette is so very good and I am a wonderful husband for bringing it to her.

The dream fades

2/11/2022

I am at home at my desk writing when I start to notice there are tiny people in the room. Many are in various places on my desk. They are mostly a bit over an inch high, nude or nearly so. They come in a number of colors including a few that humans do not normally come in like dark red, blue and yellow (not Asian person "yellow", but like Simpsons yellow) as well as some with stripes or some with like a tuxedo cat type of thing. Many of them are armed with things like needles, which are the size of javelins in their hands. In spite of that, they don't seem unfriendly, just cautious

One of them, a male stands on the letter G on my keyboard. He is one of the red ones. He is holding a toothpick that has a flag on it. the flag is red and has a sigil on it that resembles two bass clefs facing each other. He is trying to speak to me, but his voice is too quiet for me to make out. I try to lean close and turn my ear toward him. Understandably, he is terrified to see my gargantuan head coming toward him and he tries to run off. Reflexively I reach out to grab him and

accidentally squash him between my fingers as if he were an insect. The rest of the little people run off.

I wake.

I have never read the works of Carl Jung, but I have been told that dreams of tiny people is a Jungian archetype or some such thing, that a lot of people have them. I know that I have dreamed of tiny people several times in the past. The context is always different, so I wouldn't call it a recurring dream, but it is interesting that the vision keeps coming back.

2/12/2022

I have made a device with brass gears to entertain a child. When I turn the handle and the gears turn it starts producing a sweet, white, spongy substance like marshmallow that just flows out from between the gears as they turn.

The child isn't all that interested in it, but I find it oddly sexually stimulating to operate it and keep it for myself.

2/13/2022

I have received an envelope of some documents relevant to my taxes. They are in the form of small external hard drives. There is a note for my tax preparer warning to be alert for quists and electronauts.

I am puzzled.

2/27/2022

Milton Armatage Associates had undertaken the management of my life. Milton Armatage was a short , fast talking, bald man who smoked cigars and called everyone "baby". He love to slap men's backs and pinch women's bottoms, I was considered to be very lucky that he had taken me on.

I actually didn't see Milton himself very often. Once in a while we would meet for drinks or a schvitz, but the actual business of my management was handled by highly professional underlings.

He had assigned me an entourage of about five people (the actual number varied) who "took care of" things. I had a secretary who was a flutttery, impatient gay man who always made sure I was on time to things and that I got my coffee or scotch exactly how I liked it and made sure people didn't get too close to me. I had a bodyguard who was a large, vigilant and silent and wore an earpiece. He was capable of breaking in half anyone who seemed to be a threat or got sassy with me. I never saw him actually do that, nor did I know who spoke to him through the earpiece. There were a couple of flunkies who always made sure I had plenty of snacks and could score weed for me. There was a woman who dressed me, made sure my beard was trimmed and dyed a perfect flat gray and made me wear a toupee with a pompadour. There was another woman that was always looking sexy and perfect who would be at my side for photo opportunities and made sure I wasn't sexually frustrated.

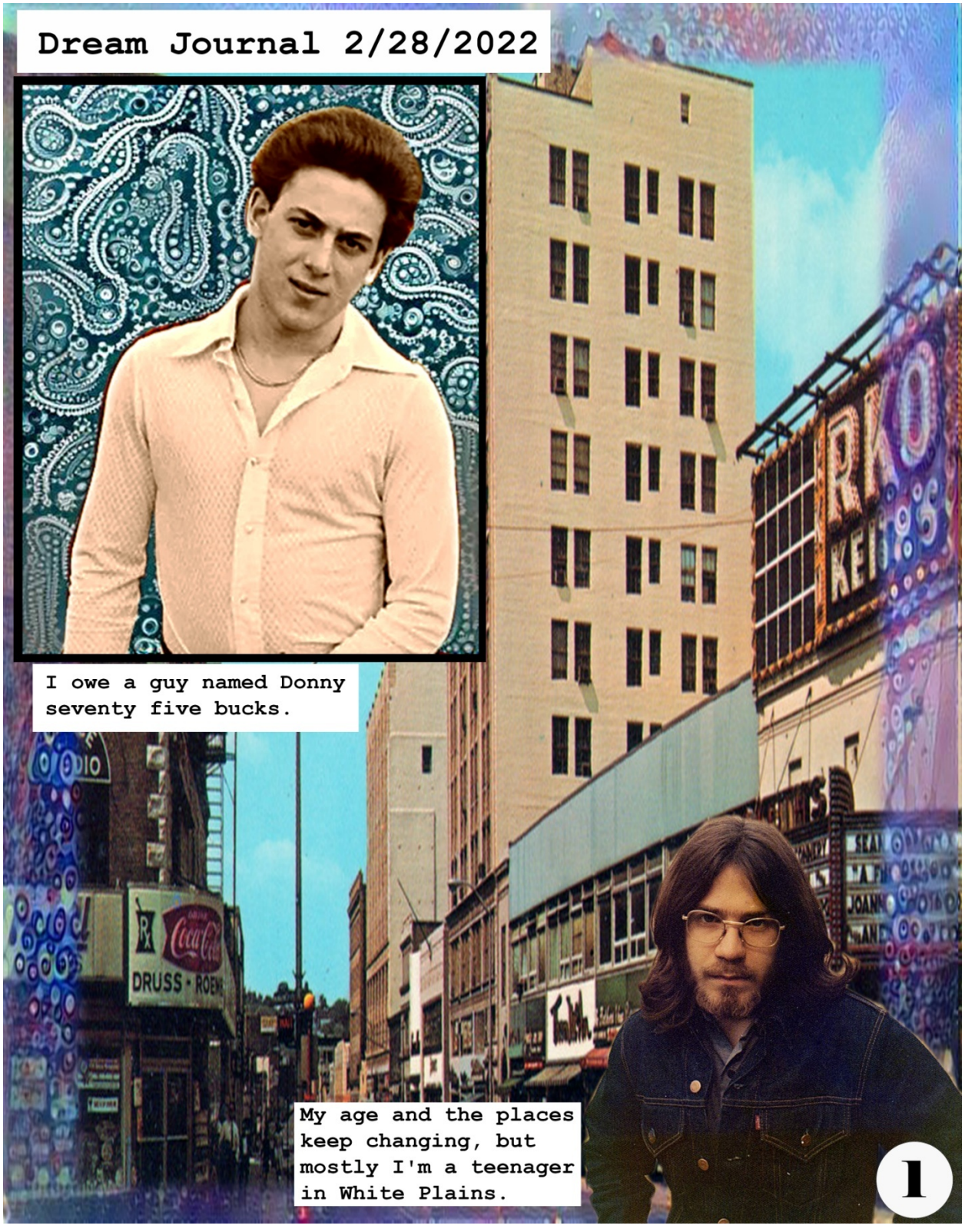
These people kept me in a comfortable bubble and made sure I had a perfect image at all times. Milton would call at least once a day to make sure I had everything I needed and if there was any issue he would humiliatingly fire whoever he deemed responsible promising that they would never work again.

In my mind I didn't really like having my life micromanaged in this way, but I had become convinced that it was somehow necessary.

The actual events of the dream were pretty mundane involving going to restaurants, meetings, parties and events always being fussed over by my flock of attendants.

The dream faded as I drifted into consciousness.

Dream Journal 2/28/2022



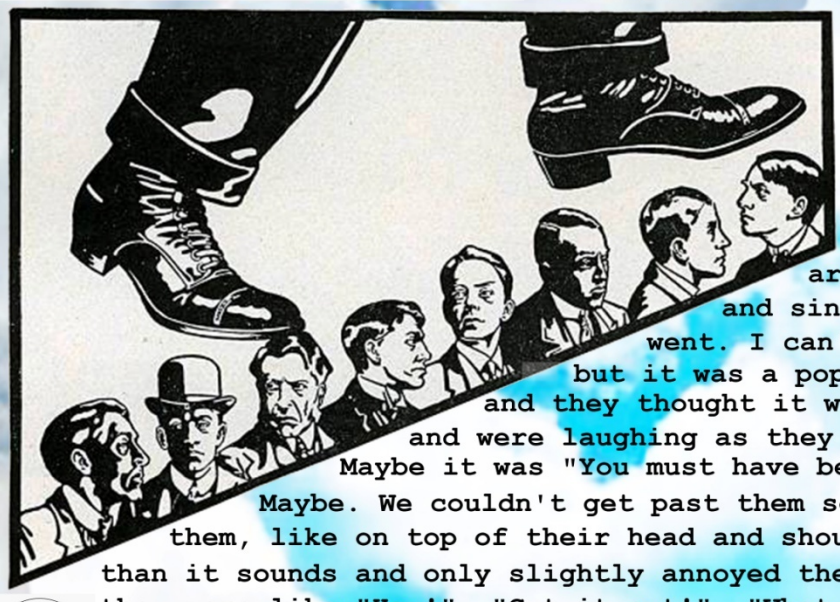
So me and a couple of guys head for his place. Donny gave me his address which was 28 Greenburg avenue and he told me to come at seven thirty and to be on time. so we walked down to his part of town which was over a mile, maybe two.

While we were walking one of my friends told me a story about two ladies who lived in town a long time ago in horse and buggy times. In my mind I visualized them as wearing tight corsets and bustles with high hair and big hats. They looked like Gibson Girls. In the story these two ladies lived together and they had a pet tortoise who they decided to take for a walk around the block. They knew the walk was going to take a real long time so they packed a lunch. The walk took a hundred years and through all those years, the two ladies and their tortoise could be seen around town slowly making their way around town in their distinctive period costume, but they never got any older. I wasn't sure if it was supposed to be a fable or a ghost story, but it passed the time as we walked.

It was getting close to the time I had to meet Donny, but we still had to travel most of a mile and we were also getting hungry so we stopped this place to get hot dogs. I got a dog and some root beer and the guys with me got what they wanted. We sat down at an outside table where there was already the really pretty Latina chick who was there with her mom. The girl was curvy and sexy. She had big tits and a great smile and we all wanted to talk to her. Her mom was old and feeble and spoke only Spanish. The girl had a hot dog like us, but the old lady was eating a horse's leg.

We were telling the girl why we were there and we were running late and she asked where it was. She told us that she knew a fast way to get there but we had to ditch her mom because she would slow us down. She says, "It's ok, we'll just leave her here. She won't even be done eating by the time I get back!"

The way she takes us goes through a lot of buildings with stuff going on in them. In one of them we had to swing down a hallway on monkey bars.



In another there is a stairway we have to go up, but it is almost completely blocked by a line of guys hauling big bags of laundry up and they are moving very slowly and singing a song as they went. I can't remember the song but it was a pop tune from the '30s and they thought it was pretty hilarious and were laughing as they tried to sing it. Maybe it was "You must have been a beautiful baby". Maybe. We couldn't get past them so we had to run over them, like on top of their head and shoulders. It was easier than it sounds and only slightly annoyed them.As we ran over them they were like "Hey!", "Cut it out!", "What the heck ya doin?", etc. but we got up the stairs and out the door and they were still laughing and singing.

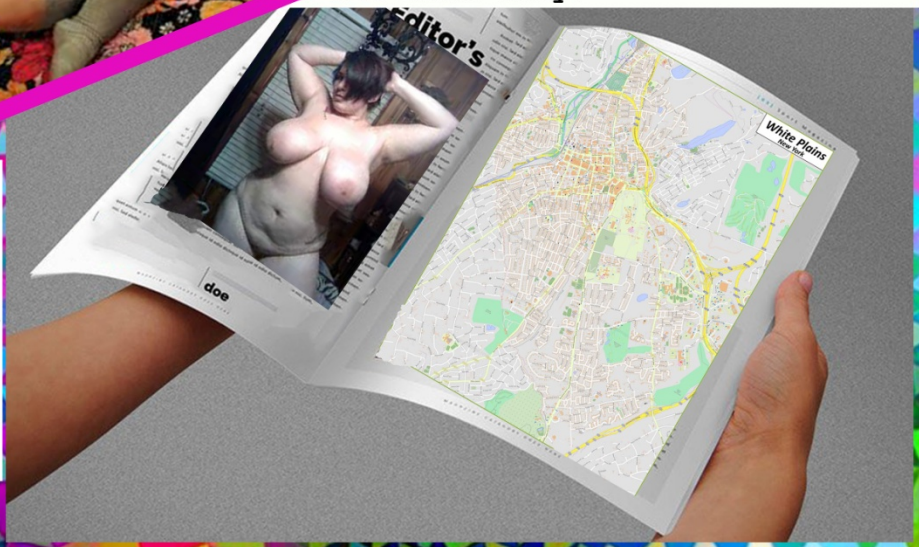
We got into Donny's neighborhood. We walked past a statue of the two ladies and their tortoise on a street corner next to a supermarket.

I pull out my phone to call Donny to get directions, but he had warned me to hang up if his mom answers because she doesn't like his friends calling all of the time. Sure enough, Donny's mom answers so I hang up.

So now what are we going to do?!? I get an idea and ask the Spanish chick to call and ask directions and pretend she has a delivery from the drug store. She says no. She says that she knows the neighborhood and can get us there. but we are going around the area and we don't seem to be any closer.

We are at the drugstore and I remember that there is this popular magazine which has pictures of naked fat ladies and has electronic maps in its pages.So I grab one down from the magazine rack and I am paging through it looking for the map, but one of my friends keeps stopping me because he wants to drool over the pics of the nude fat chicks and I have to keep slapping his hands away.

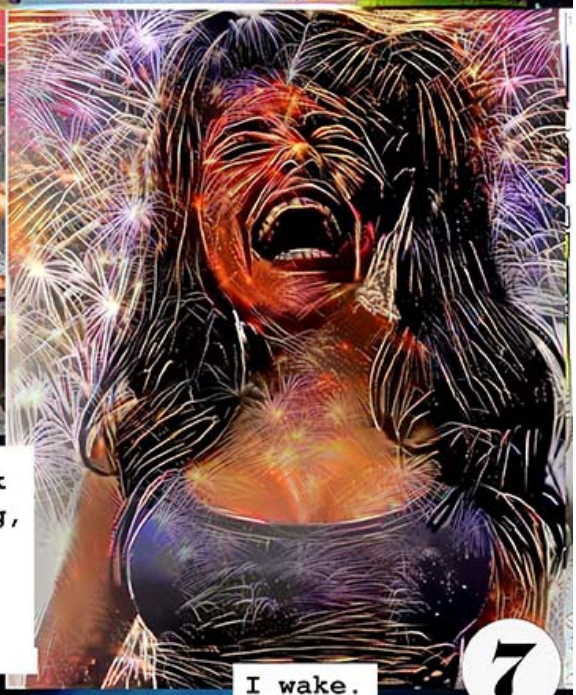
He has a real obvious hard on. I finally find the way to Donny's house and we run off in that direction. It's almost seven thirty.



There is some sort of big celebration on Donny's block and they are playing rock and roll music and barbecuing whole pigs on rotating spits.

We are asking if anyone has seen Donny. They all know who he is, but nobody has seen him.

A couple of guys tell us they will kick his ass for us if his ass needs kicking, but we say no, we just need to find him. The Spanish chick finds this hilarious and she starts laughing really loudly.



I wake.

*There was **so** much of this one I could not remember! There was a whole episode in a comic book shop that was just too jumbled to write down. I **did** learn the Latina girl's name, but I simply couldn't remember it after I woke. There was a whole business about trying to remember Donny's phone number and making everyone in my group remember it, but I couldn't remember most of it. I browsed a good number of titles on the magazine rack, but couldn't remember any of them including the fat girls mag although I remember it had a pretty clever title. There was an argument about the morality of Vietnamese cuisine that was somehow related to the story about the ladies with the tortoise. Etc. Lots of stuff that I just couldn't resolve after I woke.*

3/1/2022

I go to visit Rob's gallery and find it has been converted into a Masonic lodge. On the wall is a photo of him and a number of people, some of them other friends of mine in Masonic regalia.

I am appalled.

3/8/2022

It is now, but I am in the apartment I lived in with my mom when I was in my teens. My brother Simon now lives there as do the cats who lived there during those years, now both impossibly old, but still alive. Rocco has no teeth and one eye has gone milky and blind. Ms June Pinktoes is as skinny as a skeleton and has bald patches on her body. Twinkletoes the tortoise is still there and more or less the same although larger. Verde the iguana apparently died years ago, but his mummy is still on his perch in his cage. Simon sits on the couch staring at the black and white TV, but never says anything. The whole apartment is like a picture of Dorian Gray version of itself. No one has cleaned up the tortoise shit apparently in years. There is a strong ammonia stench coming from the cat litter box. There is

trash everywhere with an especially large pile beside Simon as he watches TV. Pictures on the walls are crooked, cobwebs on the bookshelves, etc.

It is all very depressing.

I wake.

3/15/2022

I inherit a billion dollars. I decide to remake Forbidden Planet with an all black cast.

3/16/2022

I am know as Mr Ito. It is a false name. I reside in Kyoto, Japan. I am know as an art thief who sells his takings to the highest bidder. I semi openly maintain a gallery where potential buyers can see priceless works of Asian art and place bids on it.

The real truth is that I am no thief, but a forger. I have copies made by a company in China by a special process. They arrive at my gallery in metal tubes. when they are opened the contents are soaking wet and must be hung to dry into their finished form and then framed.

My customers never guess that they are being duped. Once in a while one of them will discover that the piece they think they own still hangs in a museum somewhere, but I explain that it is a replacement replica. Sooner or later one will subject their piece to a forensic examination that will reveal the truth, but by then I shall be somewhere else and no longer Mr Ito.

3/25/2022

I sensed that this took place in the 1960s. A group of audio engineers had produced a little short of two hours of perfect sonic void that they had inscribed on

two steel discs. The silence of these discs was said to be profound, even haunting. There are major articles about it in the scientific and media industries.

There is an immediate interest in the recording community to come up with something special to fill this scientifically perfect silence. The discs go up for auction and end up selling for millions of dollars to an educational foundation. The buyers labor for over seven years. They produce a major work that is a combination of music and spoken word, a story about a cat who can sing with the voices of the most famous actors in Hollywood and the finest living composers.

I awaken just as it is released, so I don't know what the reception of it is.

3/29/2022

I have somehow become super rich. One thing I have done with my money is that I have created an erotic playground just for me and a few friends and occasional invited guests. It covers many acres under a climate controlled dome. there are houses and gardens, many small pavilions. In this place wander around one hindered beautiful young women who go about totally nude save for colored thigh high stockings and a pair of high heels. They are not prisoners nor are they controlled in any way save for the fact that they are very well paid and have access to the very best higher education. Each one serves under the dome for two years.

The young women are encouraged to be highly sexualized. There are drugs available to help this if their inclination is not enough although the use of those drugs is not mandatory. The aphrodisiacs are very pleasant and mildly psychedelic.

The young women have the job of engaging the residents and guests in conversation and also kiss and caress the as well as accept kisses and caresses. They do perform sex acts, mostly various forms of heavy petting. They are highly trained in both giving and receiving oral sex with both genders. They are encouraged to refuse intercourse unless they truly desire it.

I have no problem recruiting women for this program. Many of the girls who graduate after service in it become leaders of industry, science, scholarship and public service.

I am sitting in a pavilion that is surrounded by shrubs and flowers and I see one of

the girls going by. I beckon her and she comes over. She is a curvy brunette with long wavy hair, bright, inquisitive eyes and a beautiful smile. she has large but firm breasts and broad hips. Her triangle is hairy, but neatly trimmed. She wears a pair of dangly emerald earrings with a matching navel jewel. She sits beside me and we are talking and as we speak I am lightly caressing her body. first everywhere, her breasts, her belly her cheeks and we exchange many kisses. Eventually I settle into rhythmically stroking her vulva to which she responds very positively by laying back and spreading her legs widely. I go down on her kissing and licking her genitals. I bring her to orgasm twice at which point she stops me and takes my cock into her mouth working skillfully with her lips and tongue until I ejaculate. We kiss a bit more. I can taste my semen on her lips and then we part ways.

One day, I get word from some members of the staff that they have come into some salvage in the city. I ask that it be brought to my house at the playground.

It is a pile of pretty amazing stuff! Antique chests of several sizes with many drawers, numerous obscure books, strange curios and artifacts including bottles made of brass, taxidermied creatures of unknown types and several curious devices of unknown purpose. As well there is a large pile of jewelry which I and others take delight in decorating the girls with making them into nude human Christmas trees!

I wake.

I admit that this is an embarrassingly typical male sex fantasy. It isn't the sort of thing I think about in waking life. I mean, yes, I think about sex, but the more equal kind of matings that I have apparently been trained to think about. Clearly, this still dwells in my unconscious. I wonder what other demons live there.

4/4/2022

I am working at the maker space just helping people out here and there. Not too busy a day, but there is this one little girl, an adorable blond kiddo maybe about five years old. She is running back and forth waving her hands above her head and giggling. He mother is doing nothing to control her. I ask the mother "Can you

help her calm down? It's actually not that safe for her to be running around like that."

She says, "I know. I want to but the kids at the playground got her all wound up." She points at the kid and I see that she has a large wind-up key on her back.

it fades

4/18/2022

This is taking place in two sort of cramped spaces. One of them is a kitchenette and the other is a small section of a basement reached by a short ladder that goes through the floor. There are three naked children, two girls and a boy. They all appear to be about five years old. There is Dog who is a beefy man. He wears a pair of swim trunks and a large cardboard mask made to look like a pug dog, but it has dangly paper clips for teeth held on with tacks. Then there is Grandma. Grandma is a plumpish middle aged blonde woman with huge breasts. She is topless. Finally there is Sir Patrick Stewart. He is wearing a pair of cut-off cargo shorts and a pair of flip flops. On his head is an elastic headband that has two small plastic antlers attached to it. I am a disembodied presence. The kids are roughhousing about in the kitchen when Sir Patrick picks up a small plate and he starts tapping the edge with a chopstick. He instantly has the children's attention. The kids each rush to pick up a plate and a chopstick and start tapping it in time with him. "How do we bring the mousies to the cheese" he asks while continuing the "tink-tink-tink" rhythm.

Grandman has lit a camp stove in the middle of the kitchen with a clear glass pan on it she adds water and dried soup greens out of a box.

"Very scientific! very scientific!" say the kids in chorus as they continue the rhythm. Sir Patrick sings over them "My house is radioactive! My house is radioactive!" Grandma is rolling her bosom in time to the chant. Dog is shaking his head making the paper clips rattle like a maraca.

Sir Patrick produces a ziplock bag of cheese slices. The "tink-tink-tink" rhythm continues. Dog has started beating two large wooden spoons together at half time of the rhythm. while still shaking his head as a rattle.

"Very scientific!" exclaims Sir Patrick. He opens the package of cheese and places it in front of grandma. Around the room little mouse noses can be seen poking out in places. A few of them come down to sniff at the cheese. The mouse sticks his nose in the bag and suddenly a amass of cheesy/sticky tentacles ensnare him and draw him into the mass of cheese! Grandma grabs a pair of chopsticks and pulls the mouse out of the bag and drops him in the pan. "My house is radioactive!" cries sir Patrick.

Several mice are captured in this way.

The dream fades.

4/23/2022

I am in a shipping container that has been fitted out as a room. It has some features of a hospital room including the adjustable bed. I am on some kind if drip, but I don't know what it is.

I am very logy and out of it. Sometimes I think there are people with me, sometimes not.

Across the room there is a tall wooden shelf full of books. There is an orange cat sleeping on top of it. I call out to the cat. Hey cat! Do you want to come visit me?" He just twitches his ear and continues to sleep.

The room seems to grow larger and the bookshelf recedes away.

It fades.

5/2/2022

I am at my desk. I put my hands behind my head. I notice that the back of my skull is a notable protuberance and i can grip it with my hand. To my only slight

surprise. I can turn it. The back of my head unscrews. I turn it a few times and the back of my head comes off. Inside of my head is mostly spaghetti with pesto and lots of butter, but there is also other detritus. Many small tumbled semi-precious stones, foreign coins, and several flash drives..

In my mind I can see the content of the flash drives. It is mostly English porn. All about looking down women's tops, or being spanked for being "bad" or forced humiliation of some sort. It all seems very English and I am easily distracted from it.

Even so, I had a brief vision of an encounter with Miss Conklin, my 3rd grade teacher punishing me for my eyes straying to her cleavage when I was supposed to be focused on penmanship.

I *want* to be good, but this is a part of being good or bad I find *least* interesting. The scene quickly changed.

I'm on a very uncomfortable surface, like uneven earth with large rocks embedded in it I get up and beat dust off of my clothing.

I look all around me and see only trees.

I wake.

5/4/2022

I am walking by the rear entrance of the CVS. By the trashcan are several small robots, maybe about eighteen inches high. They are sort of bean shaped made of cheap looking gray plastic. They have been made in such a way that they appear to be getting around on crutches. They have a rubber bumper on their bottoms and two rigid arms that act like crutches moving them forward a bit and then bumping to a stop with their bottom.

I realize that they are dancing and there is a hat in front of them that has bills and coins in it. As I am looking a lady next to me says "So sad! You should give something to the crippled robots."

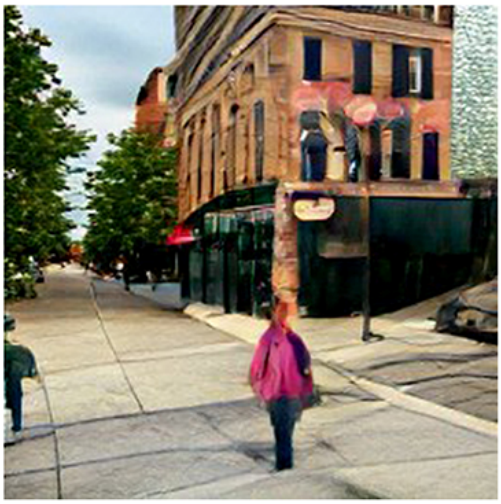
I turn to her. "They aren't crippled. They were made that way!"

She looks at me like I'm worse than Hitler.

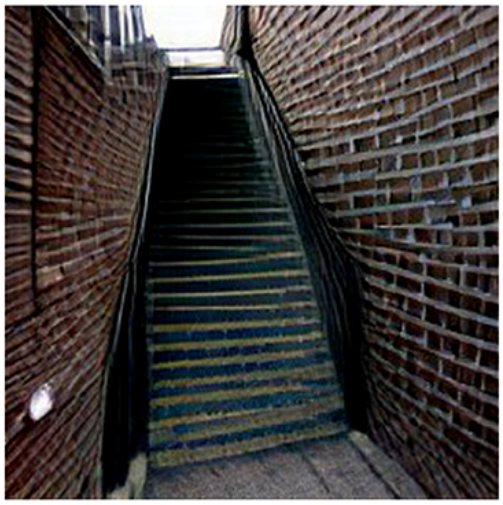
I wake.

Dream Journal 5/23/2022

I am walking along a street in Albany.



The door just says "antiques". no name for the place. Inside it is larger than was suggested by the tiny entrance.



It is early fall. and I come across an antique shop. It has a tiny entrance that you have to walk a few steps down from street level to get into.

It looks like it had maybe once been a large luxury apartment in the 19th century.

The proprietor is an old, plump hippie lady who says I should call her Peggy

An old and scruffy looking long-haired cat sleeps in an armchair near the front door.

The place is mostly full of old magazines and glassware with other random items here and there.

At first I am thinking that there will be nothing of major interest here when something catches my eye.

Sitting on a table amongst various brick-a-brack is a green glass bottle that looks to be about a quart in capacity. The bottle has curvy art nouveau lines. It is sealed with a Champaign type cork.

It still retains its dark fluid contents. The colorful, but faded label identifies it as "Dr. Bingho's Himalayan Natural Fruit Restorative Tonic." There is an illustration of a dark-skinned man in a Victorian suit and wearing a turban, presumably Dr. Bingho. It is marked as containing 29 ounces.

I decide to ask Peggy about it. She laughs and says, "So many people ask me about that. I Googled it and learned about it just so I could tell customers. It's soda pop, ok? It definitely is a weird one. It was made to be introduced at the St. Louis exhibition of 1904. Like most soft drinks at the time, its ingredients were top secret.The principal flavors were figs and dates with a plethora of herbs and spices the exact nature of are not revealed. It is said that each bottle contains a tiny pinch of ash from cremated Himalayan monks. It is also said that the combination of herbs and spices are supposed to make one "randy" and was intended to be the drink's main selling point. Of course, that also made it a target for moral crusaders. Before the exhibition was concluded, the soda had been removed and banned. A few people who had bought bottles held onto them and occasionally I have one pass through the shop. Mostly I have had only empty bottles. This is the first one I have gotten that is full and still sealed!"

Ok, she had my attention.

"How much?"

"One-hundred dollars even."

I didn't even hesitate. "Sold."

I was leaving with my new treasure and the cat by the door suddenly woke up and stood there with his back arched and his fur fluffed hissing at me! He seemed to actually grow in size as he confronted me and filled my whole field of vision.

I woke.

6/11/2022

I am in Cooperstown, New York, the home of James Fenimore Cooper and The Baseball Hall of Fame.

The town isn't big and has no public transportation, but the main street still has benches along it that are like bus stops, but there are no buses. The town is full of happy, purposeful looking people, almost all of whom are white. There are numerous things about the town that have Native American themes, but no actual Indians.

Next to each bench are bronze life sized statues of various people. The one next to mine is of a little girl dressed in 1020's style clothing. On her chest is a hinged door that when I open it there is a speaker with a button I can push. When I push it a recording of a girl's voice sings a verse of Take Me Out To the Ballgame and then tells me a a little story about going to a ball game on a Saturday afternoon in 1925. The story prominently mentions beer and omelettes being enjoyed at the ball field.

Even in my dream, I'm pretty sure that 1925 was during Prohibition and that omelettes were never a traditional ballgame snack.

The dream fades.

6/12/2022

I don't remember a lot of this one, but at one point I saw a truck go by that had a bed sided with transparent panels and it was full of giant plastic candy corn.

6/20/2022

I cannot recall my dream, but as I was waking up I heard the voice of a woman whispering in my ear "You were bruce dreamed and you can only be dreamed again".

6/28/2022

I'm in a lifeboat in the Atlantic with the Three Stooges, but theyre not in character. Moe and Larry have their hair slicked back and Curley has a short buzz cut. They aren't trying to be funny at all, in fact Curley in particular seems in a pretty foul mood. Moe and Larry are passing a pint of liquor back and forth.

Curlry doesn't want any and they aren't offering me any. The water is gone and the boat is sitting in an office exactly like the one in Mad Men (not surprising as I have been watching the series). I step out of it and the boat and the Stooges are gone. There is no one in the office and I wander the halls alone. The place is lit but deserted. There is a cream tart on one of the desks. I pick it up and am about to eat it when I am awakened by my alarm.

7/14/2022

It is the 1960s. I am on the commuter train out of NYC heading into Westchester. I am sitting next to a dapper, handsome man and we are talking, but I don't remember most of the conversation. He has a Spanish accent and he tells me that he plays practical jokes for a living.

Out the window of the train I see kids playing war using sticks for guns.

The man opens his wallet and shows me a picture of his wife topless on a European beach.

My alarm goes off.

7/15/2022

A woman friend of mine has just finished her Ph.D in physics and we are having a party to celebrate.

One of the entertainments at the party is the performance of the Who song Rael by a young man who also graduated that day. He accompanied himself on piano. He was good but not spectacular. The lad was a good ten years younger than my friend and he bore a strong resemblance to a young Hugh Grant. I did wonder if he and my friend were more than friends.

She went out of her way to introduce us after the performance. I asked him, "So must I address you as 'doctor' now as well?"

He blushed slightly. "I completed a masters, not a doctoral degree."

"Really? In what?"

"Theology."

"Ah. Religion." I put a bit more stink on the word than strictly necessary."

"It sounds like you are a skeptic."

"At one time when I was quite young, I wanted to become a Unitarian minister, but that was well before I decided that I disliked ***all*** religion."

"Unitarian. It sounds like you wanted one foot in and one foot out."

"Well, ultimately, I decided that I wanted ***both*** feet out."

He briefly frowned. "So you just hate God then?"

"Not really. I regard God as a fictional character. What I hate is the mental dependence on a seeking the favor of a fictional character and I *really* hate being

so dependent on it that it drives people to impose the belief on others because they are terrified of a world where it is questioned."

At this point the woman intervenes in the conversation reminding me that this a party, not a debate.

I take a step back. "Would anyone like a drink?" I ask.

The dream fades.

This is not an overly interesting dream, but it is the first one in a very long time where I have remembered a lot of dialog. The situation is much more like a real life encounter than most of my dreams in the past, but it represents a major step for me in restoring the way my dreams used to function.

7/16/2022

I was a bit younger than I am now, maybe around 50. I was at a party on the Harvard campus where just about everyone was on some sort of psychedelic, but it didn't quite act like any I had seen before. For better or worse, I wasn't taking it myself.

The party was in a large apartment on campus, but as time went on it spread to other places.

I had met a woman who I thought I might spend some quality time with, but there was absolutely nowhere private or quiet I could take her.

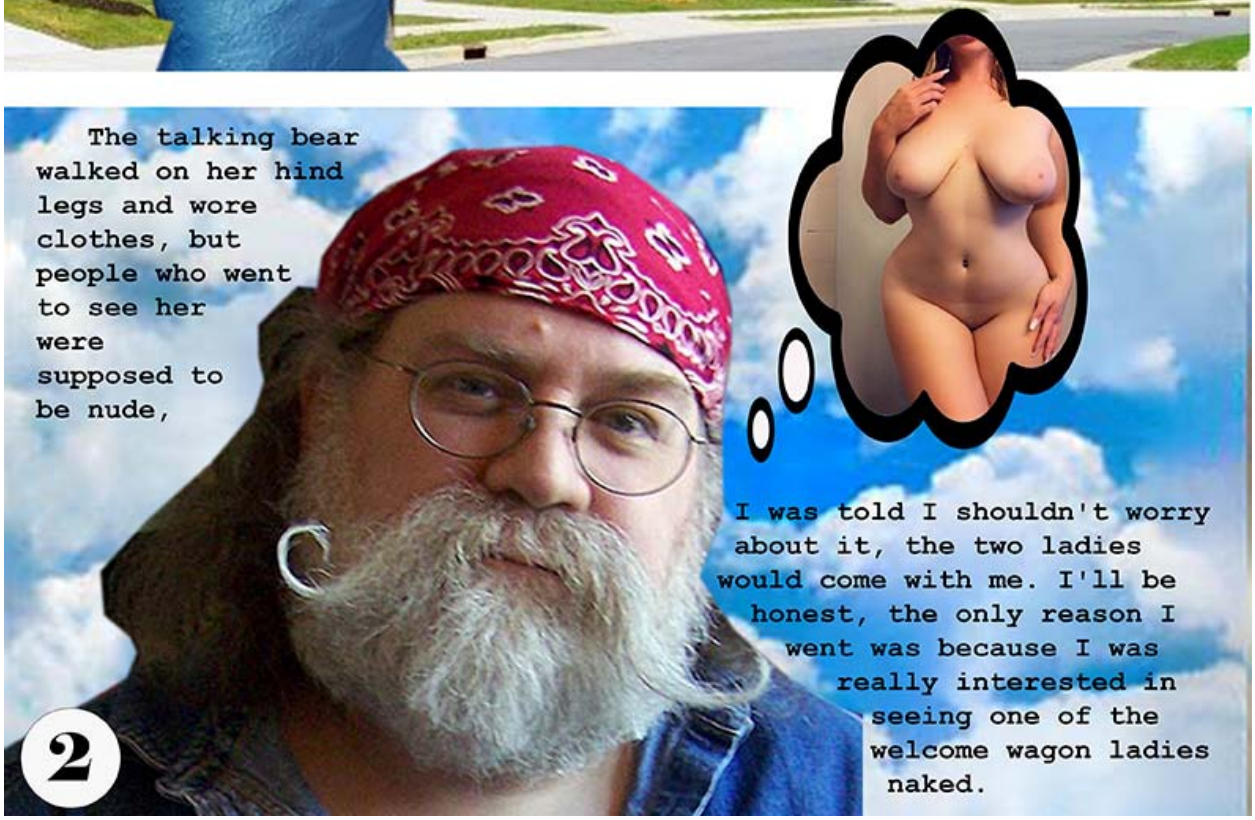
The people who were high were getting into increasingly weird hijinks like inventing new sports like seeing who could jump over the highest pile of books or playing a version of hopscotch on the staircase. One young woman was juggling hedgehogs. It was getting to be all too much for me.

I and a few other people found our way to an exit via the apartment which now had all of its doors changing position making finding the way out confusing.

We finally found the way out and onto a large grassy part of the campus where we found a bunch of students doing what looked like highly geometric football play formations involving over a hundred people. Their movements were machine like with rows and sections of the group moving in unison.

Someone in the parking lot outside my window loudly revved his motor and I woke up.

They said that I shouldn't be afraid of her because she was a civilized bear. She lived in a house a few down from me. She was sort of the overseer of the neighborhood and anyone new was supposed to go see her.


The talking bear walked on her hind legs and wore clothes, but people who went to see her were supposed to be nude,
I was told I shouldn't worry about it, the two ladies would come with me. I'll be honest, the only reason I went was because I was really interested in seeing one of the welcome wagon ladies naked.
2

We go inside and the bear is there. She is wearing a blue dress and had just baked bread so the house smelled really nice! we all sat down at her table and she gave us lemonade. Then she started asking me questions. Did I have a job, am I married, am I a Democrat or a Republican, do I believe in God, am I a Jew, do I sleep on my back or on my side, do I have children, etc.

The questions went on and on and the dream faded.

7/24/2022

I just dozed off at my desk for about ten minutes.

Me and a few other guys, none of whom correspond to anyone I know were sitting at a table in a bar having beers.

Another guy comes in and sits at the table. He says "I just ran into Debbie and she said to say hello to everyone."

I ask, "Debbie from the bank?"

Another guy asks "Swim coach Debbie?"

Another asks, "Dumptruck Debbie?"

The guys says, "Naw. It was Big Tits Debbie!"

We all nod our heads in understanding.

I wake.

7/26/2022

I'm in a clear plastic box in the audience at the theater. They are staging Shakespeare's Coriolanus. There are two men with electric drills trying to free me from the box.

8/2/2022

I have a cardboard cut-out of an anteater about the size of a cat. a little girl comes along and touches it and it becomes a live animal. It's kind of cute with brown fur and it makes soft roaring sounds when you scratch it behind the ears. It runs back and forth on a wooden deck to the delight of the little girl. Its worm-like tongue droops out of its tube like snout when is rests.

8/7/2022

I am on Venus, but it is sort of a '40s SF version of Venus. It is covered in jungles and very hot all the time. The sky is always overcast. It rains frequently and when it isn't raining it is very humid. The air pressure is high and the percentage of oxygen in the air is about three times that of Earth. A human without an environment suit can only survive for a few hours under the surface conditions.

The human colony is several buildings in a cleared area of the jungle that house about sixty people. A few hundred yards from the colony a rocket ship stands on its tail fins.

I have gone to a native village to negotiate trade with the Noops, the semi-civilized beings of Venus. They are amphibian-like humanoids with huge eyes that allow them to see well in the subdued light of the jungle. The plant life of Venus produces many valuable chemicals, drugs and spices and the Noops want metals to make tools. The ship has brought with is a couple of tons of Aluminum which I am hoping to trade for a large amount of a fruit that can have extracted from it a valuable anti-cancer drug.

Before I reach the village, I am set upon by a gang of Noop criminals who not only take my Aluminum samples but also my rover and environment suit leaving me naked in the jungle. It is ten miles back to the colony.

I am slogging back in the almost unbearable heat. There are occasional downpours that feel like a hot shower. The place is rapidly sapping my energy. I move more and more slowly. If I can't reach the colony soon I will surely die. The heat feels more and more oppressive and I am making less progress as I have to stop frequently.

I am losing hope.

I wake.

8/13/2022

I have made liver with onions and cut it into bite sized pieces and have set it op on a large platter with some freshly prepared horseradish. The horseradish is quite strong. Unlike in many dreams, the smell and taste are quite distinct.

I am eating it piece by piece with a fork. I am joined by two others, a man and a woman. we are all eating off of the same plate.

8/14/2022

I am pushing a shopping cart through town. In the cart is a large sealed glass container that is full of dark fluid with the preserved corpse of a strange animal in it. People keep coming up to me offering to buy it from me. I refuse all offers. it fades.

8/15/2022

I am with a group of people and we are in some sort of work situation in another city and we have an hour meal break so we go to this Chinese food place, but it isn't run by Chinese people.

It's kind of a half-assed buffet. The various items are presented on a table in big foil baking pans and are not in warmers. We are given these sort of foil pans, like you would get for take out, to put our food selections in although they insist that we can't get the stuff to go, we have to sit down and eat it right there.

Weird stuff is happening. Various staff members are micromanaging us about how we should arrange our food and generally slowing down the process. We are all hungry and impatient. We are finally start to be allowed to put down our food at a table to eat and are told we have to go across the room to get our silverware. When we come back, the table has been cleared. They say "We thought you were done."

Everyone is outraged and we start to walk. The restaurant manager says we have to pay for the food. We say there is no way we are paying for food we didn't eat and we walk out with them saying they will call the cops, but none of them are reaching for a phone. We leave and no police show up.

My alarm goes off.

9/5/2022

I dozed off at my desk for 20 minutes

I am with a friend who keeps changing identity. We have a sack full of bottles of various liquor. I'm pretty sure we didn't obtain it legally.

We come across this convenience store that has a picnic table out front and a big trash can. We decide to hide all of the bottles in the trash can. Right after we did this, a bunch of stupid dudebros and their female equivalent pull up in a big pickup truck and start to have a party.
They want us to join in and the girls indicate that we would probably get lucky if we did.

All they have is Coor's beer. Damn near undrinkable. We know we have stashed some quality wine an liquor and that if we share it we will get laid for sure!

While we are digging through it the trash can transforms into a wooden crate full of excelsior, but all of our booze is still there.

Everyone is happy and the girls are dumping $80 bottles of scotch over their bare tits and I don't care.

I wake.

9/10/2022

Mister Melchup is coming to visit. He is tall and lean in black trousers and high boots. He wears a gray turtle neck sweater. H has thin black hair that is plastered wetly around his fleshless face. His eyes are sunken and black. He has axe heads for hands.

He is dancing along the street to a merry fiddle tune, although there is no fiddler in sight waiving his axe head hands above his head. He comes closer and closer. Something inside me tells me I should run, but I just stand there staring at him in fascination.

I wake.

9/16 2022

I am walking through a forest that I think is in western Massachusetts. It has old stone walls snaking through it like the ones farmers built from stones they plowed out of their fields in the 18th and 19th century which tells me that this place has only been a forest for a century or less. I hear lots of birds and squirrels and I see rabbits around. Lots of insects of various types, but none of them are biting me. I come to a little stream that has tadpoles swimming in it. They are late stage and have small, but distinct legs. I briefly catch one and note that they look like human arms and legs albeit brownish green and slimy.

When I stand up, I notice that there are small humanoid creatures running about in the forest litter and sitting on the raised roots of trees. They are nude, but sexless. They have no hair and have slick little bodies. They are constantly making sounds that are like cricket chirps.

It fades.

9/27/2022

I am around 18. My mother and I have volunteered to take part in an experiment in Ossining, NY. We are staying with a friend of Mom's who has some younger kids, like 9 and 8 I think. Her friend is a somewhat ditzy blonde woman.

I don't remember what the experiment was about or what it was intended to find out. Mom and I as well as about 20 other people were seated in a large wheeled container. The container is made of concrete, about as tall as a bus and as wide as three buses. It has large steel wheels and moves on rails. It has a door on it like a bank vault. Inside it is painted a neutral light blue color there are rows of seats with seat belts and we are asked to strap in. Once in, the vault door is closed and the container slides down the tracks on a steep incline into the Earth attached to heavy cables. Our backs are facing the direction of motion. We come to rest after about an hour and just sit for ten minutes or so. No one opens the container door. Then we start being pulled back up and finally back to the surface where the door is opened and we are allowed to get out. WE are each paid a fee for our participation. It is enough to buy a nice take out dinner for our hosts and still have plenty left over.

So at Mom's friend's house we are all eating Chinese that we ordered and everybody is happy. There is a long hallway to the bathroom. there are little side tables at various points and family photos hanging on the walls. As I am walking to the bathroom something grabs my ankle and bites me, not hard enough to break the skin, but it surprises me and I yelp! I hear a skittering sound from beneath the little end table that has a standing frame with a picture of, I presume, Grandma in it. Under the table is something that looks like a combination of an orange kitten and a lobster! I yelp again and the blonde lady comes running. I point at the critter and she smiles and picks it up. It is furiously biting her hand and scratching at her with its multiple jointed legs, but it can't seem to break the skin.

She tells me it was a stray they found. It can't really be tamed, but it is housebroken so they decided to keep it.

The next morning, Mom and I are supposed to repeat the ride into the Earth, but I wake up before that happens.

10/4/2022

I have picked up a gig job as a general helper. I have been hired to push a cart with a carefully built model of city hall from Watertown Square up to the police station. It isn't a long haul at all but the weather is inclement. A hard wet snow is falling.

The sidewalks are completely buried and there is icy slush in the streets and there is freezing water flowing calf deep in the gutters. Even so, the street is a better prospect.

So I am pushing this thing with big bicycle wheels through this gutter full of slushy water. I'm very uncomfortable and I realize that I need to piss. The truth is that I am generally wet enough that if I let fly in my jeans probably no one would notice, but I was calling that plan B.

In the dream there is a house in the corner where in waking life there is really a noodle joint. I park the cart and knock on the door. I noticed that the model has already gotten pretty wet. A guy answers the door. He looks pretty creepy. I realize that he is a salesman who I worked with back in the '90s who was in fact a creep. I ask if I can use his bathroom. He wants me to give him five bucks to use it because I have wet feet and will track up his carpet . There is no way I am giving this motherfucker five bucks to take a piss.

I say "To hell with you. I'll just go behind the dumpster."

He says "If you do, I'll call the cops!"

I decide that I'll take that chance. When I come out from behind the dumpster, my push cart is gone! Without it, not only will I not get paid, but I might also have to pay for the model. I'm pretty sure that the guy in the house took it so I knock on the door again. The guy takes a long time to answer. "I already called the police." He says.

I say "Good I' all have them search your place for my cart!" He looks a little worried and invites me inside out of the snow. "I just took it inside out of the weather. You just take it and we'll call it a day."

At this point I was in no mood to call it a day. I didn't think he had actually called the cops and he was generally pissing me off, so ***I*** decide to call the cops. I pull out my phone and he is looking for something to hit me with.

I wake.

10/27/2023

Me and two other guys are riding silent electric motor bikes through winding back roads in the Berkshire's. We are being chased by five people on similar vehicles. I thought that we might be criminals on the run, but there was the possibility that we might be the good guys being pursued by criminals. I seemed to have selective amnesia concerning my situation.

They are closing on us. One of the guys I am with flips a switch on his handle bar and I am suddenly in an open field, like a cow pasture and I wasn't moving. There are a couple of flashes of light and then other two appear. One of them shouts out "Leave the bikes and make for the trees before they got a trace on us!" So we were running for the woods. Behind us were several other flashes of light and then other guys appear. At that moment the one of us who was giving the orders tapped his phone and our abandoned bikes explode creating chaos among our pursuers.

I turn to the leader and ask "What the hell are we doing?"

"Saving the world of course."

I wake.

10/31/2022

I dozed off at around 2 am for a half hour or so.

My doorbell rings. I open up and there is a small ghost standing there. A kid wearing a sheet with two eye holes. I see by the super shiny black Mary Jane buckle shoes that it's a little girl. She says "Trick or treat" almost inaudibly.

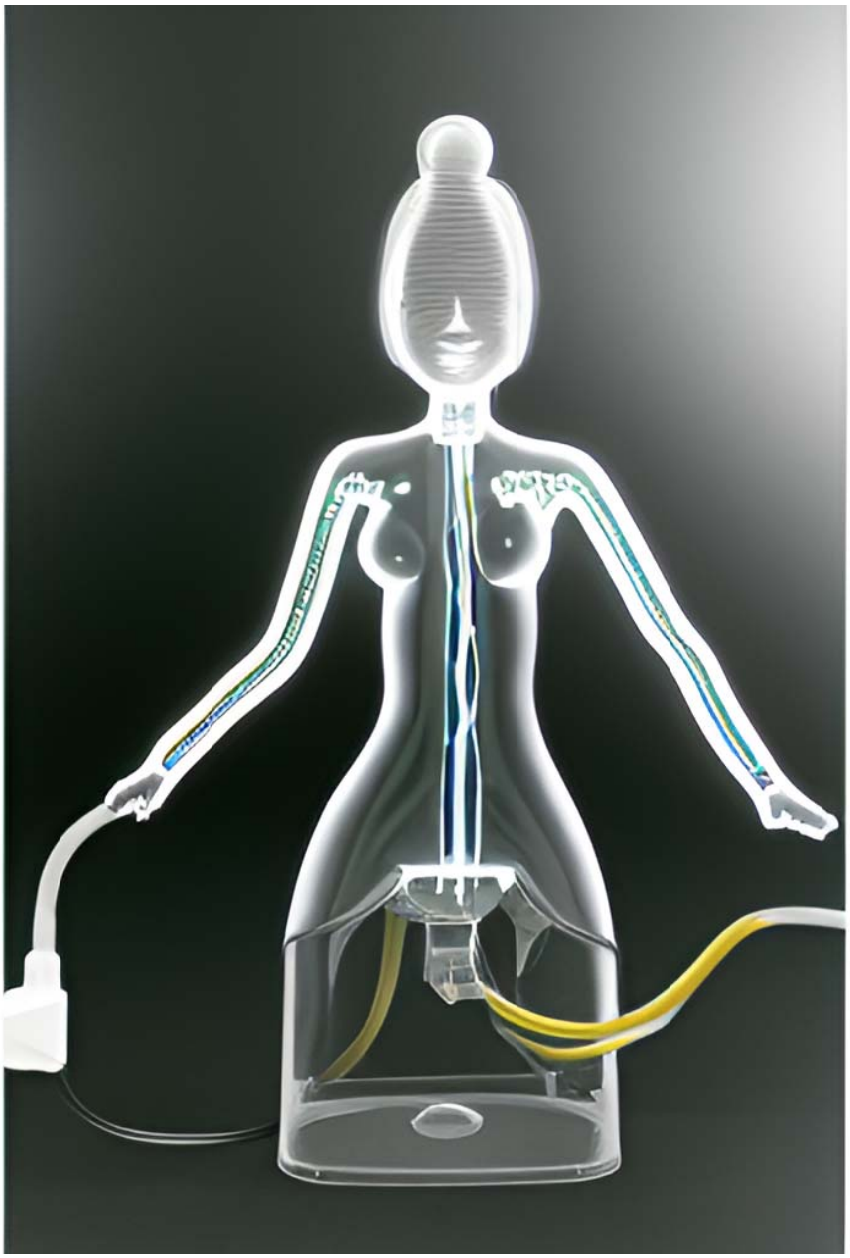
"Oh! Scary!" I say holding out a couple of fun-sized Butterfingers, but she won't hold open her bag.

"Not that." she almost whispers.

"No? What would you like?" She opens of the bag to show me. It's full of radio tubes.

I wake. My glass of wine is still cool.

I pretty much know why I had this dream. I had spent much of the last day creating AI images of vacuum tubes shaped like women.



11/13/2022

I am on a trip with my family, my brothers and my mother. We are all mature in our fifties somewhere including Mom. We are on a train in Europe sometime in the 20th century. In my mind I believe we started in Poland and are heading west, but I don't know exactly where we are. We are in a compartment together and we spend most of our time playing word games together. I don't remember much about the games.

The train is pulled by a steam locomotive. it is old and on the noisy side and the tracks are in poor condition and are frequently banked causing the train to lean from time to time. I can't seem to stop complaining about what crap the tracks are until Simon tells me to shut up and Mom thinks I should find something more pleasant to talk about. Kim is ignoring all of us and sketching in a note book.

I am walking along a corridor and open a wrong door and fall off the moving train. I am unhurt, but I see the train racing off toward the horizon leaving me behind. I walk along beside the tracks following their route. I pass through villages where people are speaking languages I don't understand. I can't identify them, they are just "garble-garble-garble" not obviously French or German or anything I recognize. It never even occurs to me to seek help from authorities. I simply walk from town to town following the tracks.

The tracks themselves look progressively more banked and bent to the point that they resemble a roller coaster that goes on for miles and miles.

In one town, without thinking I piss in the street inciting outrage in some people nearby. A cop approaches me. He speaks perfect English with a this Swedish accent. He is a freckle-faced redhead. He points at a small brick kiosk and tells me it is a public urinal and that is where I need to go to do that. I explain to him that I have been walking for many kilometers and could hold it no longer and was ignorant of the fact there was a public urinal. At that point another cop appears and tells the first one that he should check my story. In response, the first cop turns into an unmoving, glassy mist.

"What's up with him?" I ask.

"He is traveling in time to check out your explanation."

I am awakened by my alarm.

11/22/2022

Apparently I am Superman but I have been retired for some time. The thing is my whole life had come to revolve around saving people, most often from their own stupidity. Some jackass decides he can climb up the outside of a skyscraper and of course gets stranded halfway up or some half -wit reporter gets herself captured by a criminal gang she is trying to write a story about, then it becomes *my* problem. Then there were the people I would run into who wanted me to demonstrate my powers like it was some damned party trick. I was just sick of it so I quit.

Anyway, some talk radio guy figures out who I am and outs me! I mean, why? I'm not bothering anyone. I have done great service to humanity, now I just want to live my own life. Is that a crime or something? So this guy shows up at my house with a film crew and a bunch of reporters plus some asshole in a Superman costume for some stupid reason. Yes, I am annoyed. I have a momentary temptation to vaporize the lot of them with my heat vision, but of course I don't. I very politely ask them to get off my lawn and go do something useful with their lives, but this guy has a whole circus planned and will not be deterred.

While all of this is going on, one of the reporters gets a call that someone just kidnapped the governor and suddenly everyone is looking at me. "Aren't you going to save him?" someone asks.

I quietly repeat my request that they get the hell out of here. And they are looking at me like I'm worse than Hitler. So I cave and fly off to save the governor and drop off his captors with the cops. I come back home and the crowd is still there!

I am just totally pissed off at this point and tell them to scram or I'll call the cops. The idiot in the Superman suit starts mocking me implying that I'm some kind of whiner for wanting my own life rather than being their tool. It's not like I asked to come to this stupid planet.

I am near tears with frustration.

I wake

11/25/2022

I am riding the bus. It's the number 70. I can tell because it is Alston outside the windows heading toward Cambridge.

On the seat across from me there is this eccentric guy. I know he's eccentric without talking to him because he has a monkey wrench on a chain around his neck. He is whistling and I realize that the tune he is whistling is Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman!

I ask him, "Is that tune you are whistling Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman?"

He smiles and says, "Why yes it is. You have a very good ear!"

I say "More like an earworm. That tune has been stuck in my head for at least forty years!" I'm looking at him more closely and I realize that he is the famous comic actor David Cross. "Hey, you're David Cross!" I'm kicking myself internally because that is the most stupidly obvious thing I could have said.

"And you're Seth Deitch, what of it?" He sees my shocked expression and he makes a dismissive gesture. "I know everything about everyone. Not as much fun as you would think!"

"I'll bet!"

"I have a theory that all of those guys who go on random shooting sprees have this same ability and when they become aware of what pieces of shit most people are, they can't take it and snap."

"Why haven't you?"

"I don't know. It is a great source of material though." I can see him mentally shift gears. "Hey, you seem kind of alright, lemme show you something cool." He lifts up the seat next to him and there is a compartment with a loaf of bread in it, a crusty baguette that looks and smells like it just came out of the oven. He pulls it out to show me. "There is always a loaf of bread under the seat next to you on the bus if it's unoccupied. Always! If you're lucky there is sometimes butter too!"

I'm stunned. "What the fuck?"

"Just try it." he says.

I lift up the seat next to me and there is a little brioche with a small tub of butter next to it. "Where the heck do they come from?!?"

"I have absolutely no idea. In my mind I think of them as the 'mystery bakers'. Weird, right?"

"To say the very least!"

There are now a bunch of wasps flying around inside the bus and everyone is panicking.

I wake.

11/28/2022

I am in my 20s. I get a phone call from the guy who was my best pal through high school. In waking life I had lost touch with him as soon as I left White Plains and heard literally nothing about him since. Anyway he had been working at a summer camp in the Berkshires where I went to camp when I was in my teens, but the camp was really different from the one I had attended. He told me that things had gone poorly for him there. He had taken the job because the place was full of frisky girls. Things had gone badly with more than one of them and they and the camp administration were quite unhappy with him, and he asked me to come get him. So it was my mission to rescue him from the camp.

I drove all the way out there. This is a bit weird because I have never had a driver's license nor owned a car and I rarely drive even in dreams, so it is a notable feature.

When I get there it is obviously not the camp I had attended. It looked more like a small college campus and had sort of a corporate feel. I was met by my friend and the camp director who informed me I was welcome to stay the night but I had to leave in the morning and take my friend with me and that neither of us would be allowed back. We were asked not to eat in the dining hall and had our meal brought to us in my friend's room. In the morning we left with two pretty girls hurling curses at as we walked to the car.

My friend was reluctant to discuss what had actually happened with the girls except to say that it had all been a misunderstanding.

The next time I looked at him he had become someone else, a different friend from a slightly later part of my life. As we drove, and I don't know exactly where we were going "back" to at this point, New York or Massachusetts, but on the way back we stopped at a number of roadside rest stops that I had known from my years of going to camp and I was in fact known and remembered at one of them because I had always ordered a milk shake made with pistachio ice cream which apparently no one else ever did. The place was located in a little town in Western Mass where virtually everything was owned by the same family which was headed by the woman who actually worked behind the soda fountain. She is plumpish, middle aged and blonde.

As we walk in the door, she spots me and points and says "Pistachio milkshake!"
"You always remember!" I say. My friend wants an egg cream which he has to tell her how to make because she has never heard of it. She is confused because it contains neither eggs nor cream and from then on looks at my friend with a suspicious eye.

We have our drinks and then decide to go to another place to get a burger. Around here my friend's identity changes once again, this time to a young blonde hippie chick who doesn't exactly correspond to any single person I have ever known, but is sort of an amalgam of a few that I have. We are walking around the little town that has all sorts of shops, but whatever else they may sell, they *all* sell souvenirs. I buy a few comical postcards with adult themes from a watch repair shop and my friend gets a puppy in a ball, which was a clear plastic high bounce ball that had a tiny live puppy inside of it.

There was a candy stand that seemed to be unattended. I grabbed a small package of licorice gum drops knowing I could pay for them anywhere in town. The hippie chick has turned back into my second friend and he opens a package of cookies and takes a bite of one. He decides he doesn't like it so he puts the half eaten cooking back in the package and puts it back on the shelf. I tell him that he needs to buy it if he opened it, but he ignores me.

We did get a burger somewhere, but I can't remember any of that part of the dream, but we stop back at the soda shop so I can pay for my gum drops. The lady and the counter lets me pay and then looks at my friend. "You had something too." she says.

She eventually gets the truth out of him and he offers to pay for the package of cookies, but it is apparently too late for that and he is placed under arrest. The soda shop has now become sort of a combination soda shop and courtroom. The soda fountain lady is the judge. The trial is more like an improv comedy sketch. The people who are scoring the most points with the judge are the ones who get the most laughs from an unseen audience. Ultimately they let my friend go, but warn us to be out of town within the hour.

On the way back to the car, my friend now transforms into *two* hippie chicks, one with curly brown hair and a thick figure with a big bosom an one who is very thin with long straight blonde hair. Again neither of them correspond to a single actual person. Both are combinations of people. The brunette has a loud horse

laugh. We see a teenage boy who is walking two huge dogs that have curly white fir sort of half way between a poodle and a sheep dog. I ask him about the dogs and he says they are Moldavians.

We get in the car and drive off. I am now pretty sure we are heading for New York.

It is at this point that my alarm goes off.

12/17/2022

I am young, between 18 and 20 and more or less exactly as I was at that time in my life.

I have met a girl. She is pretty with long curly black hair and a merry demeanor. She is a bit more conservative than the girls I usually pursue, but she is funny and very cute, so I am on her like glue. Late at night she takes me to her home which is a large, luxury apartment and we spend the night together.

I the morning I meet her mom who is not bothered that I am there and makes us breakfast. She is awfully nice and says that I don't seem like the "treacle-tongued Casanovas" that her daughter usually goes for.

The girl pipes up, "Oh but he *does* have a sweet tongue!" and starts going into a rather graphic description of oral sex until her mother and I, both blushing, beg her to stop.

I have to go, but I promise to call on her later.

In the interim I see a doctor who has an office in the building. The doctor has a Jerry Seinfeld voice and Bob Ross hair. I can't remember why I went to see him.

I meet the girl in the evening and she has a gift for me. It is a small reel of audio tape, "Sounds of the Railways" Train sound effects interspersed with songs about trains. I find it more cute and quirky rather than just plain weird.

There is another guy there who I think is probably her brother. He is a bit older than both of us and has sort of a junior executive look. He looks at me and says "So you like Railroad Music?"

I say, "You mean 'Freight Music'? Oh yes indeed!"

The dream fades

12/29/2022

I'm just a poor man, but I know that my prayers to the mighty god Johnny Unitas will make everything alright. He resurrected the neighbor lady's dog and healed my postman's broken toe. Everyone knows that repeating his name automatically makes the world a better place.

I woke feeling secure wrapped in his blessing!

After I woke I had to look up if there had ever been a person of that name and was surprised that there in fact had been!

Index

#

1960s: 3/25/2022, 7/14/2022

28 Greenburg Avenue: 2/28/2022

7:30: 2/28/2022

A

Albany: 5/23/2022

Alston, MA: 11/25/2022

Aluminum: 8/7/2022

Anteater: 8/2/2022

Antique store: 5/23/2022

Apartment: 7/16/2022

Apartment, Bryant Crescent: 3/8/2022

Armatage, Milton: 2/27/2022

Ashtray, Worlds Fair: 1/30/2022

Ass-kicking, offer of: 2/28/2022

Assignment: 1/3/2022

Atlantic Ocean: 6/28/2022

Axe head (made from potato): 1/3/2022

B

Ball game: 6/11/2022

Ball, puppy: 11/29/2022

Ball of twine: 1/3/2022

Barbeque: 2/28/2022

Bar of soap: 1/3/2022

Beach: 1/18/2022

Bear, talking: 7/18/2022

Beer: 6/11/2022

Berkshires: 11/29/2022

Bill (friend): 1/19/2022

Bob Wills 78s: 1/30/2022

Book, hollowed out: 1/30/2022

Books, jumping over: 7/16/2022

Booze: 9/5/2022

Bottle: 6/11/2022

Box, concrete on rails: 9/27/2022

Bread: 11/25/2022

Brother, Kim: 11/13/2022

Brother, Simon: 3/8/2022, 11/13/2022

"Bruce" dreamed: 6/20/2022

Bus, #70: 11/25/2022

C

Camp, summer: 11/29/2022

Candy: 1/19/2022

Candy corn: 6/12/2022

Casanova, treacle-tongued: 12/17/2022

Cassette deck: 1/30/2022

Cat (broken into pieces): 1/7/2022 (with a feather on its nose) 1/30/2022 (on a bookshelf) 4/23/2022 (scruffy, hostile 5/23/2022)

Cats, Rocco and June Pinktoes: 3/8/2022

City Hall model:10/4/2022

College girls: 1/30/2022

Colony: 8/7/2022

Competitive: 1/3/2022

Convenience store: 9/5/2022

Convention: 2/4/2022

Cooperstown: 6/11/2022

Cream tart: 6/28/2022

Creepy guy: 10/4/2022

Crockery: 1/30/2022

Cross, David: 11/25/2022

D

Detour through buildings: 2/28/2022

Doctor: 12/17/2022

Dogs, Moldavian: 11/29/2022

Donny: 2/28/2022

Doors, moving: 7/16/2022

Dr. Bingho's Tonic: 5/23/2022

"Dr. Hoo-Doo Cheroots" box: 1/3/2022

Driving, me: 11/29/2022

Drug store: 2/28/2022

Dudebros: 9/5/2022

E

Egg cream: 11/29/2022

Electronic maps: 2/28/2022

Electronauts: 2/13/2022

Entourage: 2/27/2022

Erotic playground: 3/29/2022

Europe: 11/13/2022

Experiment underground: 9/27/2022

F

Football: 7/16/2022

Forest: 9/16/2022

Forbidden Planet: 3/15/2022

Freight music: 12/17/2022

Friends, various: 11/29/2022

Forger: 3/16/2022

Frozen sea creatures and people: 1/18/2022

Fundamental nature of knowledge: 1/3/2022

G

Gallery: 3/1/2022

Games: 7/16/2022

Gears, brass: 2/12/2022

Ghost: 10/31/2022

Gibson Girls: 2/28/2022

Girl, dark haired: 12/17/2022

Girl: (little) 4/4/2022

Girl (talking statue): 6/11/2022

Girlie magazine: 1/3/2022

Girls: 9/5/2022, (angry) 11/29/2022

Guano: 1/7/2022

Gumdrops, licorice: 11/29/2022

H

Hallway, long: 9/27/2022

Hard on, obvious: 2/28/2022

Harvard: 7/16/2022

Hedgehogs: 7/16/2022

Hijinks: 7/16/2022

Hippie chicks: 11/29/2022

Hopscotch: 7/16/2022

Horseradish: 8/13/2022

Hot dogs: 2/28/2022

Hotel room: 2/4/2022

Hot sauce: 2/4/2022

Hungry: 1/9/2022

I

Ice: 1/18/2022

Inappropriate sexual behavior, unspecified:11/29/2022

Ito, Mr.: 3/16/2022

J

K

Kids fad: 1/26/2022

Kids in class: 1/9/2022

Kids playing army: 7/14/2022

L

Ladies with tortoise, story of: 2/28/2022

Ladies with tortoise, statue of: 2/28/2022

Latina girl, hot: 2/28/2022

Laundry, bags of: 2/28/2022

Lemonade: 7/18/2022

Life boat: 6/28/2022

Little people: 2/11/2022, 9/16/2022

Liver and onions: 8/13/2022

Lobster/kitten: 9/27/2022

M

Magazine rack: 2/28/2022

Maker Space: 4/4/2022

Man: (on train, Spanish accent, 7/14/2022), (young, resembles Hugh Grant, 7/15/2022)

Marbles: 1/3/2022

Marble toy: 1/19/2022

Marshmallow: 2/12/2022

Masonic lodge: 3/1/2022

Mass shooters: 11/25/2022

Massachusetts tourist town: 11/29/2022

Melchup, Mister: 9/10/2022

Million dollar deal: 1/19/2022

Milton Armatage Associates: 2/27/2022

Mom eating horse leg: 2/28/2022

Monkey bars: 2/28/2022

Monkey wrench: 11/25/2022

Mother, girl's: 12/17/2022

Mother, mine: 9/27/2022, 11/13/2022

Mystery bakers: 11/25/2022

N

Naked fat girls magazine: 2/28/2022

Neighborhood: 7/18/2022

New York: 2/4/2022

Noops: 8/7/2022

Nudity: 2/11/2022, 3/29/2022, 7/18/2022

O

Obama, Michelle: 2/4/2022

Office, Mad Men: 6/28/2022

Omelette: 2/4/2022, 6/11/2022

One hundred years walk: 2/28/2022

P

Painting, black velvet 1/30/2022

Party: 7/15/2022, 7/16/2022

Philosophy: 1/3/2022

Phone: 2/28/2022

Pickup truck: 9/5/2022

Picnic table: 9/5/2022

Piano player: 2/4/2022

Pistachio milkshake: 11/29/2022

Plastic: 1/19/2022

Practical jokes: 7/14/2022

Professor: 1/3/2022

Psychedelics: 7/16/2022

Public urination: 11/13/2022

Push cart: 10/4/2022

Q

Quists: 2/13/2022

R

Rael: 7/15/2022

Rail trip: 11/13/2022

Rain: 8/7/2022

Record, silent: 3/25/2022.

Religion: 7/15/2022

Restaurant: 2/4/2022

Retail job: 1/9/2022

Roller coaster train tracks: 11/13/2022

Running over heads: 2/28/2022

S

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman: 11/25/2022

Salesman: 10/4/2022

Salvage: 3/29/2022

Second hand Store: 1/30/2022

Sexually stimulating: 2/12/2022

Shipping container: 4/23/2022

Snow: 10/4/2022

Soda fountain: 11/29/2022

Stairs crowded with singing guys and laundry: 2/28/2022

Stickers: 1/26/2022

Storm drain: 1/7/2022

Street: (suburban) 1/30/2022)

Students: 1/3/2022, 7/16/2022

Superman: 11/22/2022

Swedish police man: 11/13/2022

T

Tadpoles: 9/16/2022

Tape reel: 12/17/2022

Taxes: 2/13/2022

Three Stooges: 6/28/2022

Time card (torn up): 1/9/2022

Tits: 9/5/2022

Train music: 12/17/2022

Trial, improve comedy: 11/29/2022

Triangle drawn on floor: 1/3/2022

Toy: 1/19/2022, 2/12/2022

Train: 7/14/2022

Twinkletoes, tortoise: 3/8/2022

Two dimensional beings: 1/26/2022

U

Unitarian: 7/15/2022

Unitas, Johnny: 12/29/2022

V

Vacuum tubes: 10/31/2022

Venus: 8/7/2022

Verde, iguana: 3/8/2022

Vulva, horrifying: 1/10/2022

W

Walls: 9/16/2022

Wasps: 11/25/2022

Watertown Square: 1/7/2022

Welcome wagon: 7/18/2022

Westchester county: 7/14/2022

Wet: 10/4/2022

White Plains: 2/28/2022

Wife: (named Michelle Obama but is not Michelle Obama 2/4/2022), (topless, 7/14/2022)

Wind-up key: 4/4/2022

Winter: 1/18/2022

Woman: (professor 1/3/2022) (Marissa the librarian: 1/7/2022) (In bookstore 1/10/2022) (second hand store staff 1/30/2022) ("Michelle Obama" 2/4/2022) (Latina, big tits 2/28/2022), (Antique store proprietor, Peggy 5/23/2022) (just completed Ph.D 7/15/2022), (at party, 7/16/2022) (Ditzy blond friend of my mom 9/27/2022) (Runs tourist town 11/29/2022)

X

Y

"You must have been a beautiful baby": 2/28/2022

Z